



TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL PATERNES

and PATRONS of honest endeauours,
SIR THOMAS HOWET, and SIR ROBERT
WISEMAN Knights : And to the worthy
Gentleman, Mr. JOHN WISEMAN,
health, mirth, and happinesse
be euer attendants.

"NOBLE SIRS:



Could haue soyled a greater volume
then this, with a deale of empty and
triviall stuffe : as puling Sonnets,
rhyming Elegies, the Dog-trickes of
Loue, toyes to mocke Apes, and trans-
forme Men into Asses. which kinde
of writing is like a Man in authority,
ancient in yeeres, reuerend in Beard,
with a promising out-side of wisdom and gravity, yet in the
expected performances of his profound vnderstanding, his
capacity speakes nothing but Mitimus. But here your wor-
ships shall finde no such stuffe : for though I haue not done
as well as I should, yet I haue performed as much as I could.
I haue not had Rivers of Oyle, or Fountaines of Wine to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

fill this my poore Caske or Booke: but I haue (as it were) extracted Oyle out of Steele, and Wine out of drie Chaffe. I haue here of a Graine of Hemp-seed made a Mountaine greater then the Apenines or Caucasus, and not much lesser then the whole world. Here is labour, profit, cloathing, pleasures, food, Navigation: Diuinity, Poetry, the liberall Artes, Armes, Vertues defence, Vices offence; a true mans protection, a Thiefs Execution. Here is mirth and matter all beaten out of this small Seed. ¶

With all, my selfe for my selfe, and in the behalfe of Mr. Roger Bird, doe most humbly thanke your worshippe for many former undeserued courtesies and fauours extended towards vs, especially at our going our dangerous Voyage in the Paper-boat: for which we must euer acknowledge our selues bound to your goodnesse. which Voyage I haue merrily related at the end of this Pamphlet, which with the rest I haue made bold to Dedicate to your worshipfull and worthy Patrowages, humbly desiring your pardons and acceptances, euer remaining to be commanded by you and yours in all obsequiousnesse.

John Taylor.



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A

PREAMBLE, PREATROT,

Preagallop, Prearacke, Preapace, or
Preface; and Proface my Masters, if
your stomackes serue.



Ooke, goe thy wayes,
and honest mirth prouoke;
And spie befall spirits
with Melancholy choake.
Booke, I command thee,
where thou dost resore;
To be the bad mens rector,
good mens sport,

Neere as thou canst, I pray thee doe not misse,
But make them understand what Hemp-seed is.

Me thinkes I heare some kyauish foolish heads,
Accuse, condemne, and iudge before he read:
Saying, the fellow that the same hath made,
Is a mechanicke Waterman by trade:
And therefore cannot worth the reading be,
Being compul'd by such an one as he.

Another spends his censure like Tom-Ladle,
(Brings in his five eggs, foure of them were idle)
Mawes and makes faces, yet scarce knowes what a what
Hemp-seed (quoth he,) what can be writ of that?

Thus these deprauing mindes their iudgements scatter,
Eithr against the Writer or the Matter.
But let them (if they please) read this Preamble,
And they will finde that I haue made a scamble.

A Preamble

To shew my poore plemious want of skill,
 How Hemp-seed doth deserue, preferue, and kill.
 I muse that neuer any ex'lent wit,
 Of this forgotten subiect yet hath writ.
 The theame is rich, although esteemed meane,
 Not scurrulous, prophane, nor yet obscene.
 And such a taske may well become a Quill
 To blaze it, that hath all the grounds of skill.
 This worke were no dishonour or abuse,
 To Homer, Ouid, or to Maroes Muse.
 A thousand Writers for their Arte renown'd,
 Haue made farre baser things their studies ground.
 That men haue cause to raile 'gainst fruitlesse Rimes,
 (Vainly compil'd in past and present times.)
 And say, O Hemp-seed, how art thou forgotten
 By many Poets that are dead and rotten?
 And yet how many will forget thee still,
 Till they put on a Tiberne Pickadill?

The names of
 most of such
 Authors or
 their Works,
 as haue writ
 vpon may
 poore objects

Eralmus, that great Clerke of Rotterdam,
 In praise of Folly many times did frame:
 The summe and pith of all his whole intents
 Shewes Fooles are guiltie, and yet innocents.
 Another, briefly, barely did relate
 The naked honour of a bare bald Pate:

And for there's not a haire 'twixt them and heau'n,
 The rule of tall men to them is giuen:
 And sure they put their foes in such great dread,
 That none dare touch a haire vpon their head.

Mountgomery, a fine Scholler did compile
 The Cherry and the Sloe in learned stile.
 Homer wrote brauely of the Frog and Rat,
 And Virgil veriside vpon a Gnat.
 Ouid set forth the arte of lustfull Loue:
 Another wrote the Tretise of a Doue.
 One with the Grashopper doth keepe a rut.
 Another rimes vpon a Hazell Nut.
 One with a neat Sophisticke Paradoxe
 Sets forth the commendations of the Pox.

A Preamble.

*There's Ganders 'mongst the Geese, Hens with the Cocks;
 Drakes with the Duckes, all male and female flocks.
 The Ewe, the Ram, the Lambe, and the fat Weather
 In generall are called Sheepe together.
 Harts, Stags, Buckes, Does, Hinds, Roes, Faunes, every where
 Are in the generality call'd Deere.
 So Hempe and Flax, or which you list to name
 Are male and female, both one, and the same.
 Those that 'gainst these comparisons deride,
 And will not with my lines be satisfide,
 Let them imagine, e're they doe condemne
 I loue to play the foole with such as them.
 The cause why Hempseed hath endur'd this wrong
 And hath it's worthy praise obscur'd so long,
 I doe suppose it to be onely this
 That Poets know their insufficiency
 That were Earth paper, and Sea inke, they know
 'Twere not enough great Hempseeds worth to show,
 I muse the Pagans, with variety,
 Of godlesse gods, made it no deity.
 The Egyptians to a Bull, they Apis nam'd
 A temp'e most magnificent they fram'd,
 The Ibis, Crocodile, a Cat, a Dog,
 The Hippopotomy, beetles, or a Frog.
 Ichneumons, Dragons, the Wolfe, Aspe, Eele, and Ram,
 (Base beastly gods, for such curst sonnes of Cham,
 Who were so with idolatry misled,
 They worship'd Onions, and a Garlicke head,
 King Iereboam for his Gods did take,
 Two golden Calues, and the true God forsake.
 The Philistims, and the Asserians,
 The Persians and Babilonians,
 Samaritans, and the Arabians,
 The Thebans, Spartans, and Athenians,
 The Indians, Parthians, and the Libians
 The Brittaines, Gallians, and Hibernians:
 Since the first Chaos, or creation
 Idolatry hath crept in every nation,*

Here follows
 the names of
 most of the
 heathen gods
 and idols.

If these peo-
 ple had tasted
 but a messe
 of Tewxbury
 mustard th-y
 would surely
 haue honou-
 red it for a
 god or feared
 it as a duell.

A Preamble.

*And as the diuell did mens mindes inspire,
Some worshipt earth, some ayre, or water, fire,
Windes, Riuers, Rainbow, Stars, and Moone and Sun;
Ceres and Bacchus riding on his tun,
Mars, Saturne, Ioue, Apollo, Mercury,
Priapus and the Queene of lechery,
Vulcan, Diana, Pluto, Proserpine,
Pomona, Neptune, and Pans piping shrine:
Old Beldam Berecynthia: Stones and Trees
Bewitched creatures worshipt on their knees.
Baal, Baalzebub, Nisroth, the Diuell, and Dagon;
Ashtaroth, Rimmon, Belus, Bell, the Dragon:
Flies, fooles, hawkes, madmen; any thing they saw,
Their very Priuies they did serue with awe:*

*And they did sacrifice, at sundry feasts
Their children vnto diuels, stockes, stones and beasts.
O had these men the worth of Hempsced knowne,
Their blinded zeale (no doubt) they would haue shonne
In building Temples, and would Altars frame,
Like Ephesus to great Dianaes name.*

*And therefore, Marchants, Mariners, people all
Of all trades, on your marrow-bones downe fall:
For you could neither rise, or bite or sup,
If nable Hempsced did not hold you vp.*

*And Reader now I thinke it is fit time
To come vnto the matter with my rime.
But iudge not till you haue well read and scan'd,
And askt your selues if you doe vnderstand:
And if you can, doe but this fauour shew,
Make no ill faces, cry not tush and mew:
For though I dare not brag, I dare maintaine
True Censurers will iudge I haue tane paine.
Vnto the wise I humbly doe submit:
For those that play the fooles for want of wit,
My poore reuenge against them still shall be,
Ile laugh at them whilst they doe scoffe at me.*



THE PRAISE OF HEMP-SEED.

Sweet sacred *Muses*, my inuention raise
Vnto the life, to write great *Hempseeds* praise.

This graine growes to a *Stalke*, whose *Coate* or *Skin*
Good industry doth hatchell, *Twist*, and *Spin*,
And for mans best aduantage and auailles
It makes *Clothes*, *Cordage*, *Halters*, *Ropes* and *Sailes*.
From this small *Atome*, mighty matters springs,
It is the Art of *Nauigations* wings;
It spreads aloft, the lofty Skie it scales,
Flies o're the great *Leuiathan* and *whales*,
Diues to the boundlesse bottome of the Deepe,
Where *Neptune* doth mongst dreadfull Monsters keep.
From *Pole* to *Pole*, it cuts both Seas and Skies,
From th' *Orient* to the *Occident* it flies.
Kings that are sundred farre, by Seas and Lands,
It makes them (in a manner) to shake hands.
It fills our Land with Plenty wonderfull,
From th' *Esterne Indies*, from the great *Mogull*,
From *France*, from *Portingale*, from *Venice*, *Spaine*,
From *Denmarke*, *Norway*, it scuds o're the *Maine*
Vnto this Kingdome it doth wealth accrue
From beyond *China*, farre beyond *Peru*.
From *Belgia*, *Almaine*, the *West-Indies*, and
From *Guiny*, *Biny*, *Island*, *Newfound-land*:

With the
Lead and the
Anker.

The praise of Hemp-seed.

It is an In-
strument by
the appoint-
ment of God
for the en-
crease of the
Gospell of
Christ.

This little *seed* is the great instrument.
To shew the power of God Omnipotent,
Whereby the glorious Gospell of his Sonne
Millions mislead soules hath from Sathan wonne.
Those that knew no God in the times of yore,
Now they their great Creator doe adore.
And many that did thinke they did doe well
To giue themselues a sacrifice to hell,
And seru'd the diuell with th'inhumane slaughters
Of their vnhappy haplesse sons and daughters:
Now they the remnant of their liues doe frame
To praise their Makers and Redeemers name.
Witnesse *Virginia*, witnesse many moe,
Witnesse our selues, few hundred yeares agoe,
When in Religion; and in barbarous natures,
We were poore wretched misbeleewing creatures.
How had Gods Preachers saild to sundry coasts,
T'instruct men how to know the Lord of Hoasts?
But for the sayles which he with winde doth fill
As seruants to accomplish his great will.
But leauing this high supernat'ral straine,
I'll talke of *Hemp-seed* in a lower vaine.
How should we haue *Gold, Silver, Iems, or Jewels,*
wine, Oyle, Spice, Rice, and diuers sorts of *Jewels*:
Food for the belly, *Cloathing* for the back,
Silke, Sattin, Veluet, any thing we lack,
To serue necessity? How could we get
Such plenteous sorts of *Fish*, but with the net?
The *Smelt, Roche, Salmon, Flounder* and the *Dace*,
Would in fresh riuers keepe their dwelling place.
The *Ling, Cod, Herring, Sturgeon*, such as these
Would liue and die in their owne natiue seas.
Without this *seed* the *whale* could not be caught,
Whereby our *Oyles* are out of *Greenland* brought.

The praise of Hempseed.

And heynable (through his want of pelfe
To Pepper vs, or yet to Prune himselfe.
The Draper of his wealth would much be shorted,
But that our *Cloathes* and *Kerfies* are transported,
Our *Cremors*, *Penistones*, *Prizadoes*, *Baze*,
Our sundry sorts of *Frizes*, blackes and grayes.

And *Linnen Drapers*, but for a transportation,
Could hardly *Canuase* out their Occupation.
Hemp-seed doth yeeld, or else it doth allow
Lawne, *cambricke*, *holland*, *Canuase*, *callico*,
Normandy, *Hambrough*, strong *Poledaui*, *Lockram*.
And to make vp the Rime (with reason) *Buckram*.

The Gold-smiths state would totter and vnsettle,
And he could be a man of no good mettle,
Were't not for *Sailes* and *Ropes*, that *Ships* doe rig,
That bring *Gold*, *Silver*, many a *Sow* and *Pig*:
Which makes them by an admirable skill,
To liue by that which many a *horse* doth kill,
Which is the *fashions*; for continually
They sell the *fashion*, but they seldome buy.

And braue wine Merchants, little were your gaine,
By *Malagoes*, *Canaries*, *Sacke* from *Spaine*:
Sweet *Allegant*, and the concocted *Cute*,
Hollock and *Tent* would be of small repute.
Your *Bastards* their owne fathers would forget,
Nor they our *Gossips* lips no more would wet.
The winde no *Muskadell* could hither bandy,
Or sprightfull *Malmsey* out of fruitfull *Candy*.
Laatic or *C r f i c a* could not

From their owne bearing, breeding bounds be got.
Peeter se-mea, or head-strong *Charnico*,
Sherry, nor *Rob-o-Daw* here could flowe.
The French *Frominacke*, *Claret*, *Red* nor *white*,
Granes nor *Hill-Country* could our hearts delight.

A Gold-smith
and a Tayler
liue by that
which will
kil a horse.

O all you Ba-
chanalian
drunkards
honour
Hempseed.

The praise of Hempseed.

No *Gascogne*, *Orlean*, or the *Chryſtall ſherrum*,
 Nor *Rheniſh*, from the *Rheine* would be apparant.
 Thus *Hempſeed*, with theſe wines, our Land doth ſpread
 Which if we want, wine *Merchants* trades were dead.

The *Vintners* trade were hardly worth a ruth,
 Vnable to hang vp a *Signe*, or *Buſh* :
 And wer't not for this ſmall forgotten *Graine*
 Their coniuering at midnight would be vaine:
 Anon, anon would be forgotten ſoone,
 And he might ſcore a *padding* in the *Moone*,
 But not a pinte of *Clarret* in the *Sunne*,
 Becauſe the empty *Hogſhead* could not runne.
 His bluſhing *Lattice* would looke pale and wan,
 Nor could he long be a well liquord man:
 No more could all his regiments of pots
 Affright men daily, with ſcores, bills, and ſhots.

The *Taylers* trade would hardly get them bread
 If *Hempſeed* did not furniſh them with thread :
 And though it be a terror to moſt *Theeues*,
 Yet it this Occupation neuer grieues,
 They loue it, *blacke*, *browne*, *yellow*, *greene*, *red*, *blew*,
 Which is a ſigne, that *Taylers* muſt be true.

The worthy Company, of warme lin'd *Skinner*s,
 Would in ſhort ſpace be miſerable ſinners
 If *Hempſeed* did not oft ſupply their *Boxes*
 With *Ruſſian Sables*, *Miniuers*, and *Foxes*:
 With *Beares*, and *Budges*, and rare powdered *Ermines*,
 And with the ſkins of diuers *Beaſts* and *Vermines*,

The *Habberdaſher* of ſmall Ware, would be
 In ſmall time, a man of ſmall degree :
 If *Hempſeed* did not helpe him by the great,
 Small would his *Gaines* be, to buy clothes or meate.
 Then might his wares be rightly termed ſmall
 Which would be either few, or none at all.

The praise of Hempseed.

And Diers, though you doe no colours feare
'Tis Hempseed that doth you to riches reare,
Wood, Madder, Indico, and Cutcheneale,
Brazil, and Logwood, and abundant deale
Of *Drugs*, which did they not your wants supply,
You could not liue, because you could not Die.

Apothecaries, were not worth a pin,
If Hempseed did not bring their commings in,
Oyles, Vnguentis, Sirrups, Mineralls, and Baulmes,
(All Natures treasure, and th'Almighties almes)
Emplasters, simples, compounds, sundry drugs
With Necromantick names, like fearefull bugs,
Fumes, vomits, purges, that both cures, and kils,
Extractions, conserues, preserues, potions, pills,
Ellixers, simples, compounds, distillations,
Gums in abundance, brought from *lorraigne Nations.*
And all, or most of these forenamed things
Helpe health, *preseruatiues*, and riches brings.
Ther's many a Gallant, dallying with a Drab
Hath got the *Spanish* pip, or *Naples* scab,
The *Gallie Mortus*, or the *Scottish* Pleas,
Or *English* Pox, for all's but one disease.
And though they were perfum'd with *Cinnet* hot
Yet wanting these things they would stinke and rot,
With *gouts, consumptions, palsies, lethargies,*
With *apoplexies, Squincies, pleurizies,*
Cramps, cataracts, the teare-throat cough and *risicke*
From which, to health men are restor'd by *Physicke.*
Agues, quotidian, quartane, tertian, or
The *leprosie*, which all men doe abhorre.
The *stone, strangarie, botches, biles, or blaines*
Head aches, cankers, swelling of the braines,
Ruptures, Hemorrhoids, or Carousa,
Or the *Eolian* ber...

They might
liue to die
poorely, but
not die to
liue rich.

A braue
world for
Physicians
and Surgions
the while.

The praise of Hemp-seed.

All Dropsies, Collicks, Jaundies, or Scabs,
 Gangrenes, Vicers, Wounds, and mortall stabs:
 Illiac a passions, Megrims, Mumps, or Munge,
 Contagious blouds, which through the Veines do range
 Scarfes, meazels, murraine, Fluxes, all these griefes,
 Transported Medicines daily brings releefe,
 Most seruicable Hemp-seed, but for thee,
 These helps for man could not thus scattered be.
 Tobaccoes fire would soone be quenched out,
 Nor would it lead men by the Nose about:
 Nor could the Merchants of such heathen Docks
 From small beginnings, purchase mighty Stockes,
 By follies daily dancing to their Pipe
 Their States from rotten stinking weedes grow ripe:
 By which meanes they haue into Lordships run
 The Clients being beggered, and vndone:
 Who hauing smoak'd their land to Fire, and Aire
 They whiffe and puffe themselves into dispaire.

A strange
 change, and
 yet not stran-
 ger then for
 the women
 of these times
 to be turned
 to the shapes
 of men.

Ouid 'mongst all his Metamorphosis
 Ne're knew a transformation like to this,
 Nor yet could Oedipus e're vnderstand,
 How to turne Land to Smoake, or Smoake to Land.
 For by the meanes of this bewitching smother,
 One Element is turn'd into another,
 As Land to Fire, Fire into A fiery matter,
 From Aire, (too late repenting) turnes to water.
 By Hemp-seed thus, Fire, water, Aire, Earth, all
 Are chang'd by Pudding, Lease, Roule, Pipe, and ball.

Lip licking Comfit-makers, by whose trade,
 Dainties come thou to me, are quickly made:
 Baboones, and Hobby-horses, Owles and Apes,
 Swans, Geese, Dogs, Woodcocks, and a world of shapes,
 Castles for Ladies, and for Carpet-Knights,
 Vnmercifully spoild at Feasting nights.

The praise of Hemp-seed.

Where battering bullets are fine sugred *Plums*,
No feare of roaring Guns, or thundring Drums;
There's no tantarra, fa fa fa, or force
Of man to man, or warlike horse to horse;
No mines, no countermines, no pallizadoes,
No parrapets, or secret ambuscadoes,
Of bloud and wounds, and dismall piercing Lances
Men at this fight are free from such mischances,
For many gallants, guilded swords doe weare,
Who fight these battels without wit or feare.
All strining as they did for honour thirst,
All greedy which can giue the onfet first;
Each one contending in this *Candied* coyle,
To take most *prisoners*, and put vp most *spoyle*.
Retiring neuer when they doe assaile,
But most aduentronusly, with tooth and naile,
Raze, ruinate, demolish, and confound,
The sugred fabrick leuell with the ground.
And hauing laid the buildings thus along,
They *swallow* downe, and *pocket* up the wrong.
That who so that way afterwards doe passe,
Can see no signe where such a Castle was:
For at these warres most commonly 't is seene,
Away the *Victors* carry all things cleane.
It fortunes in these battels now and then
women are better souldiers farre then *men*:
Such sweet mouth'd fights as these doe often fall
After a *Christning* or a *funerall*.
Thus *Hemp* the *Comfit-makers* doth supply,
From them that newly liue, and newly dye.
If the black *Indians* or *Newcastle Coales*
Came not in Fleets, like fishes in their sholes,
The rich in Gownes and Rugs themselves might sold,
But thousands of the poore would starue with cold.

Sweet wars,
and dangerous
tooth
valours.

The commodities of those
black Indies
are woorth
more white
money to vs,
then either
the East or
West Indies
will euer be
profitable.

The praise of Hemp seed.

Smiths, Blacksmiths, Diers, all estates that liues
 This little Seed seruice or comfort giues.
 For why, our kingdome could not serue our turne
 For *Londons* vse, with wood seauen yeares to burne:
 And which way then could coales supply our need,
 But by th' Almightyes bounty and this Seed?

You braue *Neptunians*, you salt-water crew,
 Sea-plowing *Mariners*; I speake to you:

From Hemp you for your selues and others gaine
 Your sprit-sayle, fore-sayle, top-sayle, and your maine,

Top and top-gallant, and your mizzen abase,

Your courses, bonnets, drablers, fore and afe,

The sheats, tacks, bolliens, braces, halliards, eyes,

Shrouds, rattlings, lymards, tackles, lifts, and gages,

Your martlines, ropeyarnes, gaskets, and your staves,

These for your vse, small Hemp seed vp doth raise:

The boighrope, boatrope, guestrope, cartrope, portrope,

The bucket-rope, the bolt-rope, long or short rope,

The entering rope, the top-rope, (and the rest

Which you that are acquainted with know best:)

The lines to sound in what depth you doe slide,

Cables and Hauser, by which ships doe ride:

All these, and many more then I can name,

From this small seed, good industry doth frame.

Ships, Barks, Hoyes, Drumlers, Craiters, Boats, all would sink,

But for the Ocean caulk'd in euery chink:

Th' unmatched Loadstone, and best figured Map

Might shew where forraigne Countries are (perhaps,)

The Compasse (being rightly toucht) will shew

The thirty two points where the windes doe blow

Men with the Jacobs staffe and Astrolabe,

May take the height and circuit of the Globe:

And sundry art-like instruments shew cleare

In what Horizon or what Hemisphere

The praise of Hemp-seed.

11

Men sayle in through the raging ruthlesse deepe,
And to what coast, such and such course to keepe;
Guessing by th' *Arctick* or *Antarctick* Starre,
Climates and *Countries* being neare or farre.
But what can these things be of price or worth
To know *degrees*, *heights*, *depths*, *East*, *west*, *South*, *North*?
What are all these but shadowes, and vaine hopes,
If ships doe either want their *sayles* or *ropes*?

And now ere I offend, I must confess:
A little from my theame I will digresse;
Striuing in verse to shew a linely forme
Of an impetuous *gust*, or deadly *storme*.
Where vncontrolled *Hyperborean* blasts
Tears all to tatters, *tacklings*, *sayles*, and *masts*:
Where boysterous puffs of *Eurus* breath did bliz,
And 'mongst our *swords* and *Cordage* wildly whiz:
Where thundring *Ioue* amidst his lightning flashing,
Seem'd ouerwhelm'd with *Neptunes* mountain dashing:
Where glorious *Titan* hid his burning light,
Turning his bright *meridian* to black night:
Where blustering *Eole* blew confounding breath,
And thunders dreadfull larum threatned death:
Where *Skies* and *Seas*, *Hayle* *Winde* and flauering *Sleet*,
As if they all at once had meant to meet
In fatall opposition, to expire
The *world*, and vnto *Chaos* back retire.
Thus whilst the *windes* and *Seas*, contending gods,
In rough robustious furie, are at odds,
The beaten *Ship* tost like a forcelesse feather,
Now vp, now downe, and no man knowing whither:
The *Topmast* sometime rising at the *Moone*,
And being vp doth fall againe as soone,
With such precipitating low descent,
As if to hells black kingdome downe she went.

The praise of Hemp-seed.

A storme.

Poore ship that rudder, or no steerage fees,
 Sober, yet worse then any drunkard fees,
 Vnmannag'd, guidelesse, to and fro the wallowes,
 Which (seemingly) the angry billowes swallowes,
 Midst darknesse, lightning, thunder, fleet and raine,
 Remorcelesse windes, and mercy-wanting Maine,
 Amazement, horror, dread, from each mans face
 Had chas'd away lifes blood, and in the place
 Was sad despaire, with haire heau'd vp, vpright,
 With ashy visage, and with sad affright,
 As if grim Death with his all-murdering Dart,
 Had ayming beene at each mans bloodlesse heart
 Out cries the Maister, lower the top-saile, lower:
 Then vp aloft runnes scambling three or foure,
 But yet for all their hurly-burly hast,
 E're they got vp, downe tumbles sayle and mast.
 Veare the maine sheat there, then the Maister cride,
 Let rise the fore tack, on the larboord side:
 Take in the fore-sayle, yare, good fellowes, yare,
 Aluffe at helme there, ware no more, beware.
 Steere South, South-east there, I say ware, no more,
 We are in danger of the leeward shore,
 Cleere your maine brace, let goe the bole in there,
 Port, port, the helme hard, Romer come no neere.
 Sound, sound, heauc, heauc the lead, what depth,
 Fadom and a halfe, three all. (what depth)
 Then with a whiffe the windes againe doe puffe,
 And then the Maister cries, aluffe, aluffe,
 Make ready th'anker, ready th'anker hoe,
 Cleere, cleere the boighrope, stedy, well steer'd, so:
 Hale vp the Boat, in sprit sayle there afore,
 Blow winde and burst, and then thou wilt giue o're,
 Aluffe, clap helme a lee, yea, yea, done, done,
 Downe, downe ~~claw~~ into the hold, quick runne.

There's

The praise of Hempseed.

13

There's a *Plancke* sprung, something in hold did break,
Pump *bullies*, *Carpenters*, quicke, stop the leake.
Once heave the *Lead* againe and sound *abass*,
A *shafnet* lesse, seauen all.
Let fall the *Ancker* there, let fall, let fall,
Man, man the *Boat*, a *woat* hale, vp hale,
Top yer maine *Yard*, a port, *veere* *Cable* alow,
Go way a head the *Boat* there hoe, dee row:
Well Pumpt *my hearts of gold*, who saies amends
East and by South, West and by North she wends.
This was a weather with a witnesse here,
But now we see the skies begin to cleere,
To dinner *hey*, and lets at *Ancker* ride,
Till windes grow gentler, and a smoother tide.

I thinke I haue spoken *Heathen-Greeke*, *Vtopian*, or *Bermudian*,
to a great many of my Readers, in the description of this storm,
but indeed I wrote it onely for the understanding *Mariners*
reading, I did it three yeeres since, and I could not finde a fit-
ter place then this to insert it, or else it must haue laine in silence.
But to proceed to my former theme of *Hempseed*.

The *Shoe-maker* and *Cobler*, with their *Ends*
One alwaies makes, and t'other euer mends:
Take away *Hemp*, the *Sole* and vpper *Leather*
I know could neuer well be sow'd together.
And for the *Cobler* it appeareth plaine
That hee's the better Workman of the twaine,
For though a *Shoe-maker* in art excell,
And makes his Shoes and Boots neuer so well:
Yet euermore it is the *Coblers* trade
To mend the Worke the *Shoe-maker* hath made.
The *Cobler* (like a Iustice) takes delight
To set men that doe walke aside, vpright.

The chara-
cter of a *Cob-*
ler.

The praise of Hempseed.

And though he looke blacke, as he carried Coles,
 He daily mendeth desperate wicked Soles :
 Though Crownes and Angels may perhaps be scant,
 Yet store of Picces he doth neuer want :
 And let his worke be ended well or ill,
 Here's his true honour, he is Mending still.
 And this his life and Occupation is,
 And thus he may thanke *Hempseed* for all this,
 For *Hempseed*, if men rightly vnderstand,
 Is knowne the greatest Iustice in a Land :
 How could men trauell safely, here and there,
 If *Hempseed* did not keepe a Theefe in feare ?
 No man within his house could liue or rest
 For villaines, that would pilfer and molest,
 And breake downe Wals, and rife Chests and Trunks
 To maintaine drinking, dicing, Knaues and Punkes :
 That many a one that's wealthy ouer night
 Would ere the breake of day be begger'd quite :
 Worth thousands lately, now not worth a groat,
 And hardly scapes the cutting of his throat.
 No doubt but many a man doth liue and thrue,
 Which (but for *Hempseed*) would not be aliue :
 And many a Wife and Virgin doth escape
 A rude deflouring, and a barbarous Rape :
 Because the Halter in their mindes doe run,
 By whom these damned deeds would else be done.
 It is a *Bullmarke* to defend a Prince,
 It is a Subjects Armour and Defence :
 No *Poniard*, *Pistoll*, *Halbert*, *Pike*, or *Sword*,
 Can such defensiu, or sure Guard afford,
 There's many a *Rascall* that would Rob, *purloine*,
Pick-pockets, and *Cut-purses*, clip and coine,
 Doe any thing, or all things that are ill,
 If *Hempseed* did not curbe his wicked will.

The praise of Hempseed.

15

'Tis not the breath, or Letter of the Law
That could keepe *Theeves* rebellious wills in awe :
For they (to saue their liues) can vse perswasions,
Tricks, Sleights, Repruiues, and many strange euasions.
But *Tricke, Repruue, or Sleight, or any thing*
Could euer goe beyong a *Hempen* string.

This is *Laves period*, this at first was made
To be sharpe *Iustice* executing *Blade*.

This *string* the *Hangman* monthly keepes in tune,
More then the *Cuckoos* song in *May* or *Iune*,
It doth his *wardrobe, coine, and stocke* vp reare,
In euery moneth, and quarter of the yeere.
Besides, it is an easie thing to proue,
It is a soueraigne remedy for Loue :

As thus, suppose your thoughts at hourly strife
Halfe mad, and almost weary of your life,
All for the loue of some faire female creature,
And that you are entangled with her feature,
That you are sad, and glad, and mad and tame,
Seeming to burne in frost, and freeze in flame,
In one breath, sighing, singing, laughing, weeping,
Dreame as you walke, and waking in your sleeping,
Accounting houres for yeeres, and months for ages,
Till you enioy her, that your heart incages,
And she hath sent you answers long before
That her intent is not to be your Whore :

And you (for your part) meane vpon your life,
Ne're while you liue, to take her for your wife.
To end this matter, thus much I assure you,
A *Tiurme* *Hempen* caudell well will cure you.

It can cure *Traytors*, but I hold it fit
T'apply't ere they the treason doe commit :
Wherfore in *Sparta* it ycleped was
Snickup, which is in English *Gallow grasse*.

Yet there
hath beene
two or three
naked Sessi-
ons, wherein
none hath
beene execu-
ted: by which
meanes he is
in danger of
breaking. or
Bankrup-
cisme; for the
Hangmans
Trade is
maintained
by Iustice, &
not by Mer-
cy.

The names
that diuers
Nations did
attribute to
Hempseed.

The

The praise of Hemp-seed.

The *Libians* call'd it *Reena*, which implies,
 It makes them die like birds 'twixt Earth and Skies,
 The name of *Chok-wort* is to it assign'd,
 Because it stops the venom of the minde.
 Some call it *Neck-weed*, for it hath a trick
 To cure the neck that's troubled with the cricke.
 For my part all's one, call it what you please,
 'Tis soueraigne 'gainst each Common wealths disease,
 And I doe wish that it may cure all those
 That are my Soueraignes and my Countries foes.
 And further, I would haue them search'd and seene,
 With care and skill when as their wounds be greene,
 For if they doe to a *Gangrena* runne,
 There's little good by *Hempseed* can be done;
 For could I know mens hearts, I hold it reason
 To hang a Traytor in his thought of treason:
 For if his thought doe growe vnto an act,
 It helps not much, to hang him for the fact.
 But that example may a terror strike
 To others, that would else attempt the like.

To end this point of *Hempseed*, thus in brieft
 It helps a true man, and it hangs a theefe.

Rates, Imposts, Customs of the Custome-house,
 Would (at the best rate) scarce be worth a *Louse*:
Goods in and out, which daily Ships doe freight,
 By guesse, by tale, by measure and by waight,
 Which yeerely to such mighty summes amount,
 In number numberlesse: or past account:

Were't not for *Hempseed*, it doth plaine appeare
 These profits would not be a great a yeare.

Columbus, Cortois, Magellan and Drake,
 Did with this seed their great *Discoveries* make.
Braue Hawkins, Baskerville, Cavendish, Fennor, Best,
Smith, Sherley, Rowleigh, Newport, and the rest,

The names
 of many
 braue disco-
 uerers: Sir
Richard Grim-
me, Charles
Earle of Not-
ingham, Henry
Earle of
South-hampton

The praise of Hemp-seed.

17

web, Towerfon, willoughby, Sir Thomas Roe,
The Lord la ware, Probusber, many moe,
Nichols, and Malum, Rolph, and Middleton,
And Sir James Lancaster, and Withrington.
And all the worthy things that these men did
Without this seed had beene vndone, and hid,
Fame ne're had trumpetted their noble fames
And quite forgotten were their acts and names.

The worlds seuē wonders, wer't not for this *Graine*, The seuē
Wonders.
In poore *Remembrance*, or forgot had laine
The Walls of *Babell*, sixty miles about,
Two hundred foot in height, thicke fiftie foot :
Which *Queene, Semiramis*, in state did reare,
Imployed three hundred thousand men ten yeare,

Nor the great Image that at *Rhodes* was made
Whose mettall did nine hundred *Cammels* lade.
The *Piramides* of *Ægypt*, so renownd
At th'foot in compasse fortie acres ground :
The which in making twenty yeeres did then
Imploy at worke thirty sixe thousand men.

The Toombe of *Mausoll*, King of *Caria*
Built by his *Queene*, kinde *Artimesia*)
So wondrous made by Art and workmanship
That skill of man could neuer it outstrip ;
'Twas long in building, and it doth appeare
The charges of it, full two Millions were,

Dianaes Temple built at *Ephesus*
Had beene vnheard of, and vnknowne to vs,
Which was two hundred twenty yeeres in building
With *Marble* Pillars, and most sumptuous gilding.

The Image of *Olimpique Iupiter*
Had from *Achaya* not beene fam'd so farre
Nor *Pharos* watch towre, which the world renownes
which cost foure hundred fourescore thousand crowns,

The praise of Hemp-seed.

Thus without *Hempseed* we had neuer knowne
 These things, nor could they to the world be showne.
 O famous *Coriāt*, hadst thou come againe,
 Thou wouldst haue told vs newes, direct and plaine,
 Of *Tigers*, *Elephants*, and *Antelops*,
 And thousand other things, as thicke as *hyps*,
 Of *Men* with long tailes, faced like to hounds,
 Of *Oysters*, one whose fish weigh'd forty pounds,
 Of *Spiders* greater then a Walnut shell
 Of the *Rhinoceros* thou wouldst vs tell,

Hyperbole.

Of *Horses* tane with *Hawkes*, of *Beares* and *Bulls*,
 Of *Men* with eares a span long, and of *Gulls*
 As great as *Swans*, and of a bird call'd *Ziz*
 Whose Egge will drownd some threescore Villages.
 Of *Cranes*, and *Pigmyes*, *Lizzards*, *buzzards*, *Owles*,
 Of *Swine* with hornes, of thousand beasts and soules.
 All these, and more then I to minde can call
 Thou wouldst haue told vs, and much more then all,
 But that our expectations were preuented
 By *Death*, which makes thy friends much discontented.
 But farewell *Thomas*, neuer to returne
 Rest thou in peace within thy forraine *Urne*,
Hempseed did beare thee ore the raging some,
 And o I wish it had returnd thee home,
 For if thou hadst come backe, as I did hope,
 Thy fellow had not beene beneath the Cope.
 But we must lose that which we cannot saue,
 And freely leaue thee, whom we cannot haue.

Moreover, *Hempseed* hath this vertue rare,
 In making bad ground good, good *Corn* to beare,
 It sats the Earth, and makes it to excell;
 No *Dung*, or *Marle*, or *Mucke* can do't so well:
 For in that Land which beares this happy seed,
 In three yeeres after it no *Dung* will need,

I thinke it
 best to low all
 our land with
 it euery third
 yeere, for
 now our
 bread and
 drinke come
 growing out
 of the excre-
 ments of
 Beasts, makes
 vs to partici-
 pate of their
 beastly na-
 tures, as
 when Barly
 growes where
 Swine haue
 dungd, those
 that drinke
 the Ale or
 Beere made
 of that Malt,
 are many
 times as
 beastly as
 Swine, and as
 drunke as
 Hogs.

But sowe that ground with *Barly, wheat, or Rye,*
 And still it will encrease abundantly.
 Besides, this much I of my knowledge know,
 That where *Hemp* growes. no stinking weed can grow,
 No *cockle, darnell, henbane, tare, or nettle,*
 Neere where it is can prosper, spring, or settle,
 For such *Antipathy* is in this seed,
 Against each fruitlesse vnderferuing weed,
 That it with feare and terror strikes them dead,
 Or makes them that they dare not shew their head.
 And as in growing it all weeds doth kill;
 So being growne it keepes it Nature still,
 For good Mens vses serues, and still relieues,
 And yeelds good *Whips and Ropes,* for *Rogues and Theeues,*
 I could rehearse of *Trades,* a number more,
 Which but for *Hemp-seed* quickly would be poore:

As *Sadlers* for their *Elks-haire* to stuffe their *Saddles,*
 And *Girses,* and thousand fiddle faddles;
 But that ile put my *Reader* out of doubts,
 What a rich thing it is being worne to clowtes:
 For now how it to *Paper* doth conuert
 My poore vnable *Muse* shall next insert.
 And therefore noble and ignoble men,
 Iudge gently of the progresse of my *Pens,*
In forma pauperis, poore men may sue,
 And I in forme of *Paper* speake to you.
 But *Paper* now's the subiect of my booke,
 And from whence *Paper* it's beginning tooke:
 How that from little *Hempe* and *Flaxen* seeds,
Ropes, Halters, Drapery, and our *Napery* breeds,
 And from these things by *Art* and true endeour,
 All *Paper* is deriued whatsoeuer.
 For when I thinke but how is *Paper* made,
 Into Philosophy I straight waies wade:

The praise of Hemp-seed.

How here, and there, and euery where lies scatter'd,
 Old ruind rotten *Rags*, and *Ropes*, all tatter'd.
 And some of these poore things perhaps hath beene
 The Linnen of some Countesse, or some Queene,
 Yet now lies on the Dunghill, bare, and poore,
 Mix'd with the rags of some Baud, Theefe, or Whore.
 And as these things haue beene in better states,
 Adorning bodies of great Potentates,
 And lies cast off, despised, scorn'd, dejected,
 Trod vnder foot, contem'd and vnrespected,
 By this our vnderstandings may haue seeing
 That earthly honour hath no certaine being.
 For who can tell from whence these tatters springs?
 May not a torne Shirt of a Lords or Kings
 Be pasht and beaten in the *Paper-mill*,
 And made *Pot-paper*, by the Workmans skill?
 May not the Linnin of a Tiburne slaue,
 More honour then a mighty Monarke haue?
 That though he dyed a Traytor most disloyall,
 His Shirt may be transform'd to *Paper royall*.
 And may not dirty Socks; from off the feet
 From thence be turnd to a *Cronne-paper* sheet?
 And Dunghill rags, by fauour, and by hap
 May be aduanc'd aloft, to sheets of *Cap*?
 As by desert, by fauour, or by chance
 Honour may fall, and begg'ry may aduance,
 Thus are these tatters Allegoricall,
 Tropes, types, and figures, of mans rise or fall.
 Thus may the Relicks of sincere diuines
 Be made the Ground-worke of lasciuious lines,
 And the cast Smocke that chaste *Lucretia* wore,
 Beare baudy lines betwixt a Knaue and Whore.
 Thus may a *Brownists* zealous ruffe in print
 Be turnd to Paper, and a Play writ in't,

Or verses of a *May-pole*, or at last
 Iniunctions for some stomacke-hating Fast.
 And truly it were prophane, and great abuse,
 To turne the brethrens Linnen to such use,
 As to make *Paper* on't, to beare a song,
 Or Print the superstitious *Daine* tongue,
Apocripa, or *Ember-wacker*, or *Luin*,
 No holy brother surely will consent
 To such Idolatry, his Spirit and zeale
 Will rather trouble Church, and *Common-weale*.
 He hates the Fathers workes, and had much rather
 To be a bastard, then to have a Father.
 His owne interpretation he'll afford,
 According to the Letter of a word,
Tropes, *Allegories*, *Types*, *Similitudes*,
 Or *Figures*, that some mysticke sense includes,
 His humour can the meaning fowld
 In other fashions then the Fathers could:
 For he (dogmatically) doth know more
 Then all the learned Doctors knew before,
 All reuerend Ceremonies he'll oppose,
 He can make an *Organ* of his nose,
 And Spin his speech with such sincerity,
 As if his *Bridge* were false in verity.
 The *Cope*, and *Surplesse* he cannot abide,
 Against the corner *Cope* he hath a side,
 And calls them weeds of superstition,
 And lieries of the Whore of *Babylon*.
 The *Crosse* blessing he esteemes a curse,
 The *Ring* in marriage, out vpon't, tis worse.
 And for his kneeling at the *Sacrament*,
 In sooth he'll rather suffer banishment,
 And goe to *Amsterdam*, and liue and die,
 Ere he'll commit so much Idolatry.

The praise of Hemp-seed.

He takes it for an outward scale or signe,
 A little Consecrated *Bread* and *wine*,
 And though it from his blessed Saviour come,
 His manners takes it sitting on his bum.
 The Spirit still directs him how to pray,
 Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
 Which doth a mighty Mystery vnfold,
 His Zeale is hot, although his meat be cold.
 Suppose his *Cat* on Sunday kill a *Rat*,
 She on the Monday must be hang'd for that.
 His faith keeps a continuall Holy-day,
 Himselfe doth labour to keep it at play:
 For he is read and deeply vnderstood,
 That if his faith should worke it would doe no good,
 A fine cleane fingerd Faith must saue alone,
 Good worke is needlesse, therefore he'le doe none.
 Yet patience doth his Spirit so much inspire,
 He'le not correct a seruant in his ire,
 But when the Spirit his hot fury layes,
 He Congregates his folkes; and thus he sayes:
 Attend good *Nichodemus*, and *Tobias*,
 List to your reuerend Master *Ananias*,
 And good *Amipadab*, I pray attend,
 Here's my man *Ismael* highly did offend;
 He told a lye, I heard his tongue to trip,
 For which most surely he shall taste the Whip.
 Then after some sententious learned speech,
 The seruant humbly doth let fall his breech,
 Mounts on his fellowes backe, as on a *Mule*,
 Whilst his pure Master mounts his Rod of rule.
 The boy in lying with his tongue did faile,
 And thus he answers for it with his taile.
 O Vpright, Sincere, Holy execution,
 Most patient, vnpolluted absolution,

Shall paper made of Linnen of these men,
Be staine'd with an vn sanctified Pen?
In sooth who ere doth so, bee it he or she,
They little better then the wicked be,
Children of *Sathan* and abomination,
The brood of *Belials* cursed congregation,
The bastard off-spring of the purple Whore,
Who doe the *Babylonish* beast adore.

From the Creation to the generall Flood,
The name of paper, no man vnderstood:
But by tradition still from *Sire* to *Son*,
Men liuing knew the deeds by dead men done.
Yet many things were in the *Deluge* sa'd,
In stony Pillars character'd and gra'd.
For the most part antiquitie agrees,
Long since the Flood men writ in barks of trees:
Which was obseru'd late in *America*

Which Spanish *Cortois* conquer'd *Mexica*
Then after in *Eg* leaves and *Sicamour*,
Men did in *Characters* their mindes explore.

The original
Of Paper.

Long after, as ingenious spirits taught,
Rags and old *Ropes* were to perfection wrought
Into square formes, yet how to giue a name
Vnto their workmanship they could not frame.

Some Authors doe the name of paper gather,
To be deriu'd from *Papa*, or a Father;
Because a learned man of *Arrius* sect
Did Christendome with heresie infect:

And being in great errors much mistooke,
Writ and diuulg'd in a paper booke.

And therefore *Nimphs* thus much doth inferre,
The name of Paper sprung from *Papa* err.

Some hold the name doth from a *Rush* proceed,
Which on *Egyptian Nilus* bankes doth breed:

The praise of Hemp-seed.

Which Rush is call'd *Papyrus*, for on it
Th' *Egyptian* people often times had writ.

A poore com-
parifon.

And some againe of lesse authority,
Because it's made of Raggs and pouerty,
In stead of Paper name it *Pauperis*,
But sure me thinkes they take their markes amisse,
For foure and twenty Sheets doe make a *Quire*,
And twenty *Quire* doth to a *Reame* aspire,
And euery *Reame* were *Kingdomes* for their strength,
But that they want a single L in length.

A *Reame* of Paper therefore keepes great port,
And were a *Realme*, were't not an L too short.

Besides, we haue an old Prognosticator,
An erring Father, *Quasi Erra Pater*;
His euerlasting *Almanacke* tells plaine,
How many miles from hence to *Charles his maine*,
From *Luna* vnto *Mercury*, how farre
To *Venus*, *Sol*, and *Mars* that Warlike Starre:
For *Mars* to merry thunder-thumping *Ioue*,
And thence to fullen *Saturne*, high't above:
This (if I lie not) with aduice and treasure,
Old *Erra Pater* to an inch did measure.

It was time
to remember
my selfe, for I
was a degree
too high.

But hollow Muse, what mounted to the sky?
I'll clip your soaring Plumes, for you and I
Must talke of Paper, *Hempe*, and such as this,
And what a rich commodity it is.
The best is I haue elbow room to trace,
I am not tide to times, to bounds, or place,
But *Europe*, *Asia*, Sun-burnt *Affrica*,
America, *Terra incognita*,
The *Christians*, *Heathens*, *Pagans*, *Turkes*, and *Iewes*,
And all the world yeelds matter to my Muse:
No *Empire*, *Kingdome*, *Region*, *Prouince* *Nation*,
No *Principality*, *Shire*, nor *Corporation*:

The praise of Hempseed.

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No Countreie, Countie, City, Hamlet, Towne,
But must vse Paper, either White or Browne.
No Metropolitane, or gracious Primate,
No Village, Pallace, cottage, function, climate,
No Age, Sex, or Degree the earth doth beare,
But they must vse this seed to write, or weare.

Tis Paper (being printed) doth reueale
Th'Eternall Testament of our Weale:
In Paper is recorded the Records
Of the Great all-Creating Lord of Lords.
Vpon this weake ground, strongly is engrau'd
The meanes how Man was made, and lost, and sauid,
Bookes Patriarchall, and Propheticall,
Historicall, and heauinly Mysticall,
Euangelike, and Apostolicall,
Writ in the sacred Text ingenerall,
Much hath the Church (our mother) propagated
By venerable Fathers workes translated,
Saint Ierome, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine,
Saint Basil, Bernard, Cyprian, Constantine:
Eusebius, Epiphanius, Origen,
Ignatius, and Lactantius (reuerend men)
Good Luther, Calaine, learned Zwinglius,
Melancton, Beza, Occolampadius,
These, and a world more then I can recite,
Their labours would haue slept in endlesse night,
But that in Paper they preferu'd haue bin
T'instruct vs how to shun Death, Hell and Sin.
How should we know the change of Monarchies,
Th'Assyrian, and the Persian Emperies,
Great Alexanders, large, small lasting glory,
Or Romes high Cesars often changing story?
How should Cronologies of Kings be knowne
Of either other Countreies, or our owne?

But that *Iosephus*, and *Suetonius*,
Pollidore, *Virgil*, and *Ortelius*,
Seneca, and *Cornelius Tacitus*
 With *Scaliger*, and *Quintus Curtius*;
Plutarch, *Guichardine*, *Galliohelgicus*,
Thomasio, and *Hector Boetius*;
Fox, *Cooper*, *Froysard*, *Grafton*, *Fabian*,
Hall, *Hou'den*, *Languet*, *Sleiden*, *Buchanan*,
 The Reuerend learned *Cambden*, *Selden*, *Stowe*,
 With *Polychronicus*, and *Speed*, and *Howe*,
 With *Parris*, *Malmsbury*, and many more,
 Whose workes in paper are yet extant store.

Philemon Holland (famous for translation)
 Hath (with our owne tongue) well inricht our Nation.
Esape, and *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Plato*,
Pithagoras, and *Cicero*, and *Cato*,
Du Bartas, *Ariosto*, *Martial*, *Tasso*,
Plautus, and *Homer*, *Terence*, *Virgill*, *Naso*,
Fraunciscus Petrark, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*,
 Philosphers and ex'lent Poets all.

Or Orators, Historians, euery one
 In paper made their worthy studies knowne.

Who euer went beyond our learned King
 Whose Art throughout the spacious world doth ring:
 Such a *Diuine*, and *Poet*, that each State
 Admires him, whom they cannot imitate,

In paper many a Poet now suruiues,
 Or else their Lines had perish'd with their liues.
 Old *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Sir Thomas More*,
Sir Phillp Sedney, who the Laurell wore,
Spencer and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, *Greene*, *Nash*, *Daniell*,
Siluester, *Beumont*, *Sir Iohn Harrington*,
 Forgetfulnesse their workes woul ouer-run,

The praise of Hempseed.

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But that in *Paper* they immortally
Do liue in spight of Death, and cannot die.

And many there are liuing at this day,
Which doe in *paper* their true worth display :

As *Davis*, *Drayton*, and the learned *Dun*,
Ionsen, and *Chapman*, *Marston*, *Middleton*,
With *Romlye*, *Fletcher*, *Withers*, *Messenger*,
Heywood, and all the rest where'e're they are,
Must say their lines, but for the paper sheet,
Had scarcely ground, whereon to set their feet.

Acts, Statutes, Lawes, would be consum'd and lost
All right and order, topsy turvy tost:

Oppression, wrong, destruction and confusion,
Were't not for *Paper*, were the the worlds confusion.

Negotiations, and Embassages
Maps, Cartes, discoueries of strange passages :
Leagues, truces, combinations, and contracts,
Ecclesiasticall Monuments and acts,
Lawes Natrall, Morall, Ciuill, and Diuine,
Instruēt, reprocue, correct, inlarge, confine.

All *Memorandums* of forepassed ages,
Sayings and Sentences of ancient *Sages*,
Astronomie, and Phisicke much renown'd,
The Liberall *Arts* rules, maximes, or ground,
The glory of *Apolloes* Radiant shine,
Supporter of the Sacred sisters Nine,
The *Atlas*, that all Histories doth beare
Throughout the world, here, there, and euery where.

All this and more is *Paper*, and all this,
From fruitfull *Hempseed* still produced is.
Wer't not for Rags of this admired Lint,
Dead were the admirable Art of *Print* :
Nor could the *Printers* with their Formes and Proofer
Work for their owne, or other mens behoofes.

The praise of Hemp-seed.

Octavo, Quarto, Folio, or Sixteene:

Twelves, nor yet Sixty foure would ere be seene,
Nor could their *Paper* be the meanes to feed
And cloath them, and their Families at need.

The *Stationer* that liues, and gaineth well,
And doth the word of God, both buy and sell,
I know not which way he could liue and eate,
If printed Paper did not yeeld him meate.

Some foolish Knaue (I thinke) at first began
The slander that three *Taylers* are one man :
When many a *Taylers* Boy, I know hath beene,
Hath made tall men much fearefull to be seene.
The Boy hath had no weapon, nor no skill,
But armed with a *Taylers* Paper-bill,
Which being edgd with *Items, stuffings, facings,*
With *Bumbast, Cottens, linings,* and with *lacings,*
The Boy hath made a Man his head to hide,
And not the bare sight of the Bill abide.

When Boyes with Paper-bills, frights men so sore,
'Tis doubtlesse but their masters can doe more.
And many millions, both of Boyes and men,
Doe onely liue, and flourish with the *Pen* :
Yet though the *Pen* be through the world renownd,
'Twere nothing except *Paper* were the ground.

All Lawyers from the high st degree or marke,
Vnto the lowest *Barreller* or *Clarks,*
How could they doe if *Paper* did not beare
The memory of what they speake or heare
And Iustice *Clarks* could hardly make strong *warrants*
For Theeues, or *Bands,* or *Whores,* or such like arrants,
But that in *paper* 'tis their onely vse
To write, and right the *Common-wealths* abuse.

Thus much of *paper* here my *nose* hath said,
But yet if all it's profits were dispaide,

The praise of Hempseed.

Thousands of people all the shores did hide,
And thousands more did meet vs in the tide
With Scullers, Oares, with shipboats, and with Barges
To gaze on vs they put themselues to charges.

Thus did we driue, and driue the time away,
Till pitchy night, had driuen away the day:
The Sonne vnto the vnder world was fled:
The Moone was loath to rise, and kept her bed,
The Starres did twinkle, but the *Ebon* clouds
Their light, our sight, obscures and ouershrowds.
The tossing billowes made our boat to caper,
Our paper forme scarce being forme of paper,
The water foure mile broad, no Oares to row,
Night darke, and where we were we did not know.
And thus t'wixt doubt and feare, hope and despaire
I fell to worke, and *Roger Bird* to praier.

And as the surges vp and downe did heaue vs,
He cride most seruently, good Lord receiue vs.
I praid as much, but I did worke and pray,
And he did all he could to pray and play.
Thus three houres darkling I did puzzell and toile,
Sows'd and well pick'd, chafe, and muzzell and moile,
Drencht with the swassing waues, and stewd in sweat,
Scarce able with a Cane our boat to set,
At last (by Gods great mercy and his might)
The morning gan to chase away the night.

Aurora made vs soone perceiue and see
We vvere three miles below the towne of *Lee*,
And as the morning more and more did cleare,
The sight of *Quinbrough* Castle did appeare,
That was the famous monumentall marke,
To which we stru'd to bring our rotten barke:
The onely ayme of our intents and scope,
The Ancker that brought *Roger* to the Hope,

He dwelleth
now at the
Hope on the
Banck-side.

A dry-house
had beene
worth the ha-
ving then.

Thus we from Saturday at evening
Till Monday morne did on the water bide
In rotten paper and in boistrons weather,
Darke nights, through wet, and cold together,
But being come to *Quinborough*, and there
I tooke my fellow *Roger* by the hand,
And both of vs ere we two steps did goe,
Gaue thanks to God that had preserv'd vs fo:
Confessing that his mercy vs protected
When as we least deserv'd and lesse expected.
The Mayor of *Quinborough* in loue affords
To entertaine vs, as we had beene Lords:
It is a yearely Feast kept by the Mayor,
And thousand people thither doth repaire,
From Townes and Villages that's neere about,
And t'was our luck to come in all this rout.
I th'streete, Bread, Beere, and Oysters is their meat,
Which freely, friendly, shot-free all doe eat.
But *Hodge* and I were men of ranck and note,
We to the Mayor gaue our aduentrous Boat:
The which (to glorifie that towne of *Kent*)
He meant to hang vp for a monument.
He to his house invited vs to dine,
Where we had cheare on cheare, and wine on wine,
And drinke, and fill, and drinke, and drinke and fill,
With welcome vpon welcome, welcome still.
But whilst we at our dinners thus were merry,
The Country people tore our tatter'd Wherry
In mammocks peece-meale, in a thousand seraps,
Wearing the reliques in their hats and caps.
That neuer Traytors corps could more be scatter'd
By greedy Ranens, then our poore boat was tatter'd:
Which when the Mayor did know, he presently
Tooke patient what he could not remedy.

The River of Hampseed with thanks left *Quinbroughs* coast,
 And came on horse-backe all in post.
 Thus *Brachman's* voyage was begun,
 With greater danger was his money won.
 And those that doe his coyne from him detaine,
 (Which he did win with perill and much paine)
 Let them not thinke that e're 'twill doe them good,
 But eat their marrow, and consume their blood:
 The worms of covetise gnaw them every day
 Till they are dead, and not the will to pay.
 Those that will not, and cannot, let them be
 Both to the world and to the Devil free.

Thus *Brachman's* deed is here shovne,
 Cloth, horse, and money made knowne:
 How he hath served his State, and Trade;
 And how he hath served his wife.

I therefore, to write something of *Thames*,
Maze, *Rubicon*, *Elue*, *Volga*, *Ems*, *Scamander*,
Loyre, *Moldoue*, *Tyber*, *Albia*, *Seyne*, *Meander*,
Hidaspes, *Indus*, *Inachus*, *Tanaies*,
 (Our *Thames* true praise is farre beyond their praise)
 Great *Euphrates*, *Jordane*, *Nilus*, *Ganges*, *Poe*,
Tagus and *Tigris*, *Thames* doth far, out-goe.
Danubia, *Ister*, *Xanthus*, *Lisus*, *Rhrine*,
Wey, *Senerne*, *Anon*, *Medway*, *Ifis*, *Tine*,
Dee, *Onze*, *Trent*, *Humber*, *Eske*, *Tweed*, *Annan*, *Tay*,
Forth (that braue Demy-ocean) *Clide*, *Dun*, *Spay*,
 All these are great in fames, and great in names,
 But great'st in goodnesse is the River *Thames*.

From whose *Diurnall* and *Nocturnall* flood
 Millions of soules have fewell, cloathes and food;
 Which from twelue houres to twelue doth fill succ
 Hundreds, and thousands both to cloath and fr.

The names of
 the most fa-
 mous Rivers
 in the world.

Of Watermen, then I will begin
 It doth maintaine neerer then
 I can as quickly number all the Stars
 As reckon all things in particulars
 Which by the bounty of th' All-giving
 Proceeds from this most matchlesse, famous River
 And therefore 'ris great pittie, Shell or Sand
 From the forgetfull and ingratitude
 Should it's cleere CrySTALL entrails willesse
 Or soyle such purenesse with impurity
 What doth it doe, but serves our full contents
 Brings food, and for it, take
 Yields vs all plenty, we
 And Dirt, and M

Oh what a world
 In Art, haue fabled
 As *Erebus*, *Coccytus*,
Styx, *Orckus*, and *Phlegeton*,
 And all the small *Brathrums* Danu'd Creekes;
 With *Cherubs*, messengers, and fearefull shriekes,
 Who writhing, drinking *Lebe* to their shames
 Vnthinkfully they haue forgot the *Thames*.
 But noble *Thames*, whilest I can hold a Pen,
 I will double thy glory vnto men.
 Thou in the morning when my coyne is scant
 Before thy morning do'st supply my want,
 If like a *bee* weeke to line and thrine,
 Thou wilt yeeld Hony freely to my Hine,
 If like a *stone* I will not worke for meat,
 Thou (in discretion) giu'st me nought to eat.
 Thou the true rules of Iustice dost obserue,
 feed the Lab'rer, let the idle starue,
 As so many faithlesse men haue found,
 That liues vpon the ground

As fabled
 assigned to
 in Hell.

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